The Alaskan Churchman

NOVEMBER, 1955 Number

Missionary District of Alaska

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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

The Alaskan Churchman

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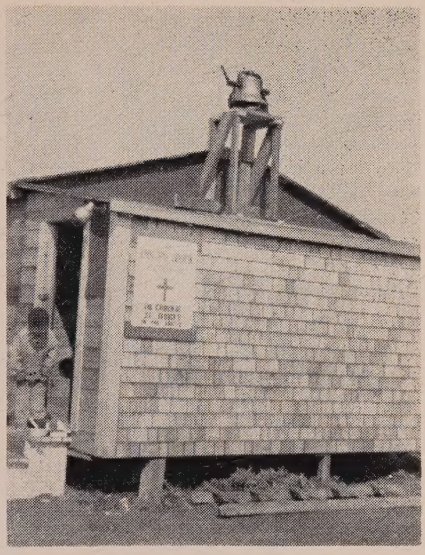
NOVEMBER, 1955

THE CHURCH IS A BUILDING TOO

When one mentions the word "church" it brings to most minds two meanings. First of all, the Church is God's family here on earth. Secondly, in our minds the word "church" brings a vision of a building being "God's House" and the spiritual home of His family in a town or city.

The readers of The Alaskan Churchman are very familiar with the fact that in twenty-five or more native areas in Alaska, practically the entire population belongs to the Episcopal Church and have looked to us since their conversion from paganism for spiritual ministrations. However, few people outside the Church family in Alaska have realized that in almost half these communities, comprising almost a thousand members of the Church, we have not had even a church building, much less any place for a missionary to reside while ministering to the people. Through the years when the Church operated on such a very limited missionary budget, there were no funds available for buildings in any but the most essential locations and so our hard pressed missionaries had to carry on religious ministrations in many villages with no church buildings at all. There was nothing in the community to represent the fact that the Episcopal Church as the House of God, was there.



The Church at Kotzebue with the new bell.

With the new awakening of missionary enthusiasm in the Church in recent years, the Church in Alaska has sought to bring a more adequate ministry to her people. A larger staff of course is necessary but a priest or evangelistic worker can do little without any church in which to instruct the people. So it has been our aim in recent years, that as we added to the staff of the Church to more adequately meet the spiritual needs of those already members of her fold, we also erect buildings, simple though they may be, so that the mission of the Church can be more adequately carried on in this District.

It is a source of real pride to say that with the close of 1955 and the early months of 1956, the Episcopal Church will have some sort of a church building and quarters for its

staff in every place where we traditionally have worked through the years. This means that in the past decade the Church and a rectory (a tiny log cabin 10x10 ft.) have been erected in the Indian village of Tetlin. The rectory has housed the summer seminarian through the summer months for the past three years and also provides lodging for a priest at Tanacross in frequent visits to our church people in Tetlin.

A log rectory and a church have been built in Holikachuk on the Innoko river, tributary to the Yukon and now the Rev. Thomas Cleveland with his wife and family are living in the village ministering to the spiritual needs of the ninety Indian people there.

Just this fall, twenty-five miles south of Holikachuk, a log cabin rectory and church have been finished at Shageluk and the rectory is the home of Miss Jean Aubrey, a devoted and enthusiastic nurse-evangelist who ministers to the one hundred twenty Indian people of Shageluk.

On the farther northern Arctic Coast, work is still going on to finish up the new St. George's-in-the-Arctic church and rectory. In this mission home the Rev. Alwin Reiners, Jr., and wife carry on an enthusiastic ministry to our Eskimo people at Kotzebue who have had little or no attention from the Church which they love and to which they have been trained to look.

Likewise, a combination church-and-rectory has been provided in the little village of Beaver on the Yukon river, housing Capt. George Glander of the Church Army. To enable Capt. Glander to minister also to the Indian people at Stevens Village, sixty-five miles southwest, a log chapel has been constructed in recent years in the village, and just this fall a fine log cabin rectory was added to our plant so that we can be in a position to more adequately care for the spiritual needs of our people in this area.

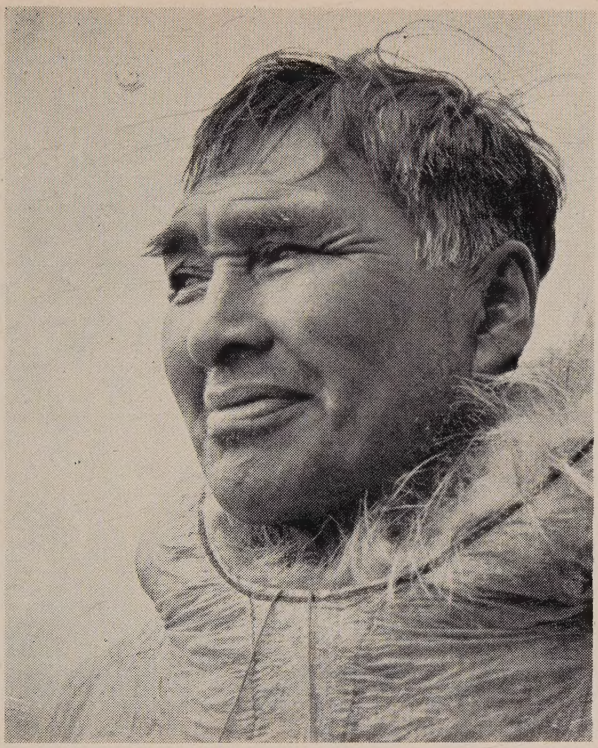
One of the most critical needs in the District through the years has been at Huslia where almost one hundred fifty Indian people live isolated from most of our other missions. Several years ago through the help of the United Thank Offering, a combination school building and chapel and community hall was built and this provides a place for the worship of the Church. Last year, with the addition of a log cabin, quarters for a missionary have been provided and this cabin is now the residence of Miss Arlene Chatterton, a faithful and devoted mission nurse who also carries on the services of the Church.

St. Barnabas' log chapel at Minto has for years been a beacon in this Tanana River village but there has been no place for a resident missionary until last year when a little log cabin was erected and now a third nurse-evangelist, Miss Bertha Mason, occupies this little house, carrying on the ministrations of the Church to the people of the village.

The latest addition to our property in the District will be, when finished, a small combination chapel-and-residence in the Indian village of Circle on the Upper Yukon river with sixty-five people who continue to look to us for spiritual ministrations. Anyone accompanying the Bishop when he recently held a service of Holy Communion and Baptism in a crowded schoolroom—in most unchurchly surroundings—could not doubt that the addition of a chapel would bring real blessings to the lives of the people in this area.

None of this church property is particularly fancy—most of the rectories are of log construtcion—many of them one-room cabins. However, they are warm and clean and provide a home for our missionaries who are here seeking to bring the blessings of the Gospel to the people of Alaska. Most of our workers ask very little in the way of a home. Until recently we had nothing to offer in many places.

Building and property in themselves are not the Church. The most beautiful and expensive cathedrals do not necessarily mean that the Gospel of Christ is being preached and taught and bearing fruit in the lives of people. Yet without such facilities the work our Lord has called us to do is



ALASKA'S DELEGATE TO GENERAL CONVENTION

By Chester Seveck, Eskimo

In the year 1912 I began holding services in my reindeer camp as Archdeacon Goodman told me after he made me a Layreader. I have been a Layreader ever since and always tried to serve God and work for His Church.

In 1954 I retired from reindeer herding and began helping with the Church work at the Mission of St. George's-in-the-Arctic, Kotzebue.

In the year 1955, the Missionary District elected me to be delegate to the General Convention to meet at Honolulu, Hawaii. On August 31st I started by Wien Airlines. We stopped at Nome for three hours and then we started for Fairbanks. We reached Fairbanks at 9 p.m. Norman Elliott met me and took me over to Bishop's house and I stayed over a day there. On September 1st I go by Pan American Airline to Seattle and reach there at eight-thirty a.m. the next day. No one met me at the airport, so I take a taxi and go to town. I am trying to find the Rev. Hugh Hall. I

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almost impossible. Now we in Alaska rejoice that the Church in the Territory has been able to make these simple forward steps. Most of the aid is from generous friends and organizations in the States and particularly the Woman's Auxiliary has helped to underwrite these very pressing needs so that the ministry of our Lord can be more effectively brought to His people in this District. None of these buildings represent new or advance work—they simply provide a better opportunity and privilege of carrying on the work that has been our responsibility and God-given duty from the very beginnings of the Christian Gospel in the Far North.

THE ALASKA DELEGATION L to R Mrs. J. C. Fountaine, Mrs. Howard Day, Mrs. Hugh F. Hall, the Rev. Hugh F. Hall, Mrs. William J. Gordon, Jr., Bishop Gordon, Mr. Chester Seveck.

couldn't find him. I ask many people —no one knows the man. So I pray to God to help me find Mr. Hall. After I say my prayer, I started across the street—down the sidewalk and turn the corner of a big building. The door is open—I go in—I look around—I see a man and he is looking at me. He says: "Are you Chester? I've been looking for you." It was Mr. Hall. I believe God was with me and helped me find that man.

September 3rd—We leave by Pan American Airline—the Rev. Mr. Hall and the woman from Alaska are with us. We reach Honolulu in the evening. When we landed and went out from the plane, I was surprised—a woman put on me a lei—grab around my neck and kiss me on the cheek!

The bus took me to Iolani School where I stayed. The climate here is too hot for me, but I can stand it after I eat their food.

The General Convention started on September 4th. I enjoyed and I learned many things from the General Convention. Several times people took me to dinner and lunch at the hotels. Two times our Bishop let me speak to the people at a morning service at Holy Trinity Church and at the dinner of the 8th Province. Every morning I went to Holy Communion.

On the night of September 15th, I started homeward by the Pan American Airlines to Seattle. I stayed over night in Seattle and the next day I go to Juneau. Father McPhetres meet me at the airport and take me all around Juneau. He gave me good hospitality and feed me very well. Also he let me talk and preach to the Young People's Fellowship and in church about the General Convention. I stayed over a day and then I go on to Anchorage by Pacific Northern Airlines. Father Sayers met me and took me to the mission house and he gave me good hospitality and feed me very

Bishop Kennedy greets Mr. Seveck. Between them is Mr. Luke Kabira, the delegate from Okinawa. Bishop Bentley is partly shown at the extreme left.

well also. I spoke to the people there after we had a good lunch.

On the 20th I went to Fairbanks by Alaska Airlines and when I reached there Mr. Lambert met mie and took there Mr. Lambert met me and took evening we had supper at the Parish Hall, and let me speak about the General Convention and Christianity.

On the 21st I came back to Kotzebue by Wien Airline. The people are glad too and happy that I came home safely. We all learned that God is with us. I have talked all about General Convention in two languages—English and Eskimo, mostly I talk in Eskimo.

These are the things I talk about that I learned at General Convention:

1. About the foundation of our Church.

2. About our duty to come to the church and worship God.

3. About our being members of the Church.

5. About how we should follow Christ.

6. About the Holy Communion.

7. About how we should serve God with our body and our life.

I thank God that I got to go to General Convention, and I thank the Missionary District for electing me. I also thank the people who helped to pay my expenses.

Have you renewed your subscription for 1956?

Keep posted in 1956 by reading the Alaskan Churchman.

A BITE OUT OF THE YUKON

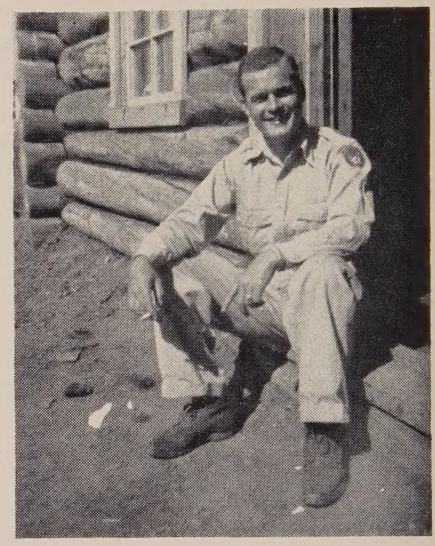
By Coleman Inge

After I'd been in Alaska for about two months, Hugh Maguire, the trader in Stevens Village said to me: "Son, once you've taken a bite out of the Yukon, you'll be back." I knew what he meant only too well then, because I'd found Alaska such a fascinating country. At first I did not want to go to Alaska to do my summer missionary work. I live about 6,000 miles southeast of the Yukon in Mobile, Alabama, and this far off northern land had never appealed to me down there. Besides, I knew it would be unfair to the natives to go live among them for a summer with this attitude. However, a series of events came up which sort of pushed me into going—as if God was opening a door for me that I wouldn't even try to open.

Before entering seminary I had been in the Marine Corps, taught school for two years, and been in the Merchant Marine. The first two years of seminary I served four missions in Alabama and Tennessee. I am 27 years old.

Late in the afternoon of June 9, I landed at Fairbanks airport and was met by Bishop Gordon and the Rev. Norman Elliott. They drove me into town to stay over night. As we drove along, I began to realize that I was in real frontier country. I had seen this sort of country in the movies about the early West, but never dreamed it still existed anywhere now. My fascination for Alaska began to develop rapidly. At the Bishop's house that night I went through a sort of briefing about my summer work along the Yukon in Tanana and Stevens Village.

The next morning right after breakfast, Bishop Gordon had a few prayers before we left. One prayer he said was so appropriate for the occasion of doing this work that I learned it and used it for the prayer on entering church many times during the summer. It was the prayer in Family Morning Prayer which reads: "And



Coleman Inge

since it is of Thy mercy, O gracious Father, that another day is added to our lives; We here dedicate both our souls and our bodies to Thee and Thy service, in a sober, righteous, and godly life; in which resolution, do Thou, O merciful God, confirm and strengthen us; that, as we grow in age, we may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

We loaded the Bishop's plane, the "Blue Box," with my provisions and gear and took off for Tanana, about 140 miles west of Fairbanks on the Yukon. Tanana is a town of about 150 people (about 50 whites and 100 natives). There is a CAA (Civil Aeronautics Adminstration) unit there and an Alaska Native Service Hospital which serves the natives in Central Alaska on the Yukon.

Bishop Gordon took me into town and introduced me to several people. Then he took me to my rectory, a small but well built cabin. The mission church, St. James, was near by.

When the Bishop left that after-

noon I felt a bit lost. I felt that feeling that anyone has when he goes into a strange place—a feeling of loneliness. But then I remembered why I was there, for our Lord had said: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations . . ." This feeling of loneliness was not so bad then, and it was even less when I remembered that all the people in Tanana belonged to the same family I did, the family of God.

Sunday morning I didn't think I was going to get to church by 11 o'clock for when I went out my door about 10:30, there were two huge husky dogs with their chains dragging the ground loose, and coming towards me. I saw the hair standing up on their backs, and where I come from this means a dog is mad about something. So I thought they were mad dogs and I ran back into the house. I stayed in the house watching them roam around the house, and finally they went away. When I left to walk up to church I carried a stick under my jacket to use if they came after me but I doubt if the stick would have done much good. I carried it under my jacket because I didn't want the natives to think I was scared of a dog.

A girl from the hospital played the little organ there and we sang those mighty and great hymns together which reassured me of the fact that we were indeed of the same family—the family of God. As we prayed those ancient and historic prayers of the Church, I became more and more aware of this fact.

The first week still had its ups and downs. I had the disadvantage of not knowing anything about Alaska, not knowing anybody who lived there. So when I would stop to talk with people I didn't have anything to talk about. They usually asked me if I liked Alaska and at that time I wasn't sure I did. Yet on the other hand, I was enjoying the newness of the situation of being in a real frontier and meeting new people, and serving the Lord in a way I had never done before.

Before long I had something to talk about—the mosquitoes! Never in my life had I seen such mosquitoes. They

Tanana boys and a boat.

buzzed around like jet planes and bit rather than just drank blood. I had large bumps across the back of my neck and on my hands to prove this.

During my first week there, instead of going around from cabin to cabin to visit, I spent much of my time cutting grass in front of my cabin and working in the flower beds. While I was working there many natives stopped by and complimented me on the looks of the place. It gave me an opportunity to meet them in a way that a visit to their cabins right away wouldn't have done.

A week later the Bishop flew the two Vacation Bible School girls in for a two-weeks school. They were Alma Rowe and Sharon Day, from Virginia and Anchorage. I helped them by holding a short service for the children each day to start school off. There were between 30 and 40 children. The school was a big success. The girls taught them new hymns, how to act in church, new games, and how to draw some of the great events in the life of Christ and combine these drawings into a booklet. The kids just loved them, and they understood the children so well. Finally, at the end of the school, the Woman's Auxiliary provided a picnic for all the children.

By this time I had gotten to know most of the people in town. I found

that they loved to tease, and they teased me about being scared of husky dogs (though I wasn't any more) and about my southern accent. But I in turn, teased them about their Yankee accent and about saying, "Gee, you guys" all the time, and about saying the word "just" in almost every sentence.

Another thing which we had a good time doing was singing. I asked some of them if they would like to meet in the Parish Hall and have a sort of community sing and they agreed to come. I started out by trying to teach them some of the songs I thought were familiar to them like "The Old Mill Stream" and "In the Evening" but I found they liked hillbly music better and wanted to sing that. I remembered some hillbilly music I had learned in the barracks in the Marines, so we sang mostly hillbilly tunes. But we learned each other's songs together. They would bring several guitars every Monday night and would play them in accompaniment to our songs. We had as many as 35 people attending these community sings which lasted as long as an hour and a half.

I spent some time each day visiting the patients and playing with the children in the TB ward. Several times I helped feed the infants and even changed them! The doctor there, Jean Persons, taught me quite a lot about hospital visits. She always called me in to talk with different patients who wanted visitors or wanted letters written for them. Often she invited me to eat at the hospital and to go on picnics.

By the middle of July the new deacon had arrived and I was to go up the Yukon to Stevens Village. Just before I left, the natives had a going away dance for me where they served coffee and cakes. The Woman's Auxiliary presented me with a Ronson cigarette lighter as a going away present. About 70 or 80 people were there at the dance and we danced until about 3:30 in the morning. As I left the dance the sun was just coming up and walking home, I couldn't help but get a big lump in my throat

The new Mission Rectory, Stevens Village, built in 1955 by William Pitka.

over the thouhgt of leaving those wonderful people who had been so nice to me and who had taught me so much.

The next day Mr. Elliott flew me to Stevens Village. Here there were about 35 natives and two white people. It was different coming here, because I knew a lot of the people they knew. They asked me questions about their kin and friends in Tanana. It was gratifying to be able to talk with them right away since we knew the same people.

In Stevens Village the Bishop had contracted Bill Pitka to build a rectory. The mission there has a joint church-community hall for services, which also served as my living quarters. The rectory was halfway built but there was still much work to be done. I helped Bill with the small jobs like chinking between the logs, hauling dirt, nailing the roof on, and cleaning up inside and out after the work was done. After we finished, I built with some native help, a small bridge over a little slough on the way to church so when the water rose in the spring they wouldn't get their feet wet.

When we held services we didn't have an organ or piano to accompany the hymns we sang. But there were several men who could play the guitar quite well. So we chose the hymns which could be accompanied on the guitar and instead of organ music Sunday and Wednesday, we had two

guitars accompanying us as we sang hymns of praise to Almighty God. We were terribly proud of this and we sang much better with guitars than we would have without them. It also gave the natives a part in the service which rightly belonged to them for it was their church.

Also at Stevens Village, two boys, Wedge Owen and Ray Harrison, came in for two weeks to help build the rectory and to hold Bible School. They had as many as 19 children in the school. Since it was the kids' first Bible School, it was quite an experience for them.

And it was here, in this little village that I think I really began to love Alaska. For here I was so close to the great outdoors. I went camping with the natives. I went up the river cutting logs with them. I took baths in the cold river with them. I visited the fish wheels. I hiked out in the woods once and helped pack part of a bear back to the village. I drank river water and learned to eat dried smoked fish. Most important of all, it was here that I learned to pray. My eyes and mind had been opened 'to behold His gracious hand in all His works.'

Late one evening in August we had a hymn sing down on the bank of the river. I brought the hymn books, both in the native and in English. They would sing a while in their tongue and then in English. There really seemed to be a unique feeling of God's presence in this gathering when suddenly, old Blind David said to me: "Preacher, you pray." So I prayed a while for them, and then prayed the General Thanksgiving that seemed so appropriate at this time. Then they knelt down on the ground and said the Lord's Prayer together in their native tongue. We sang a few more hymns and then ended with a short prayer. This was quite a moving experience for all of us. God's outdoors sometimes makes the best setting for prayers of devotion and hymns of praise to Him.

It was the greatest summer in my life. I had indeed taken "a bite out

Service at a Tanana River Fish Camp.

of the Yukon." It all began with my not wanting to go there and it ended with my not wanting to leave! But I had learned there the great lesson we all need to learn in spreading the Gospel. Before I could teach, I first had to show my willingness to learn; before I could be understood, I first had to understand; and before I could talk, I first had to learn how to listen. That was the lesson I learned in Alaska. I had gone up there to teach the natives; instead, I had come away having been taught by them. They taught me more about "the things of God" (as they called religion) than I could ever have taught them. Instead of God using me to teach the natives, He used them to teach me their ways and to walk in their paths and to love the Yukon country as they love it themselves.

The Rev. Norman Elliott (see page 15) may be reached at the following addresses:

Nov. 5-18—The College of Preachers, The National Cathedral, Washington, D. C.

Nov. 21-Dec. 9—Dept of Christian Education, 28 Havemeyer Place, Greenwich, Conn.

Dec. 10-Jan. 1 13661 Mecca Ave., Detroit 27, Mich.

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MY HUSLIA HOME

By Miss Arlene Chatterton, R.N.

It was a cold grey day in February when I stepped off the plane which landed on skis on the Koyukuk River in front of the village of Huslia. It was with mixed emotions that I saw the village for the first time. While remembering the good times I had had at Fort Yukon for six months and the work I had just done at Allakaket for the past six weeks, I was now thinking of the challenge I had accepted.

When I learned that I would be going to Huslia, I reread the article in the November, 1954 issue of The Alaskan Churchman that had been written by Carter van Waes, the seminarian who was here last summer. The physical lay of the village was as I had expected, with its picturesque log cabins. I wrote home that the cabins were located among gently rolling hills. I discovered as the snow melted that these gently rolling hills were snowdrifts and only those hills that were not so gentle were real.

My greatest concern as I entered the village was about the people. Would I understand them? Would they understand me? It did not take me long to realize that these people have the same basic needs for security, recognition, love, etc., as the people with whom I had grown up.

Being a nurse, my main concern is the medical care of our people. At first I tried having clinic hours during which anyone who needed attention came to the Mission cabin. But this was too inconvenient for everyone concerned. Now I make calls to the cabins of those who need care. On the whole, we have a rather healthy village. One evening I was taken out to Beaver Camp to see a sick teenage girl. I do not think I shall ever forget that twenty-mile trip. It was a clear, starry night. I can still hear the driver calling to the nine dogs of the team as we went over the rolling hills and many lakes. When we returned the next morning it was snowing. This land is certainly a winter wonderland.

Huslia Cabin

My duties do not end with nursing. Huslia being only an outstation of Allakaket, our minister can come to call only a few times each year. At first I was rather concerned about giving Sunday morning talks—I refuse to call them sermons. I used to wait until the last minute before preparing them but now I prepare them early in the week, then I practice them on the children who come into the cabin frequently. By Sunday the subject is easy to talk about. One of my greatest problems is using words that we all understand. It has only been since the village has been located at this new site that formal education has been available. True, a few have been fortunate enough to have been sent out of the village to school. However, "fifty-cent" words are not used.

Last month we received via boat the bell from the old school at Allakaket. I believe that makes us the only village to have a bell and no church to put it on. During the cold weather services were held in the Mission cabin but now that it is warm, we hold the services in the Community Hall. In the hall is kept the birch

altar which was made last summer. To follow this style, we have a birch cross and candlesticks. Before the summer is over we are going to try to make a lectern and prayer desk in the same style. While school was in session our hymns were accompanied on the accordion of one of the school teachers.

A great deal of my time has been spent with the children. Until it warmed up and the call to roam around outside became so over-powering, we held a daily Bible Study class. Since then, as the children wander in, we spend a great deal of time reading. This spring we received a memorial gift of books of Bible stories. These books are greatly appreciated. An interesting scene occurred of which I failed to get a picture. It was one of those beautiful clear warm days when it was too nice to stay inside so we moved outside to the woodpile to read. There we sat comfortably without jackets, on the woodpile that was surrounded with snow. But we are not always that studious. Many are the times that the Mission cabin resembles a recreation hall with many activities going on. The current favorite is Chinese checkers.

Living in a village, I was introduced to a way of living that was new to me. True, I had had previous experience of camping out and loved it but then it had been summer. The day I arrived here the temperature was knocking on 50 degrees below zero. Before, when camping out, it was for a few days but now the duration is indefinite. The cabin is lighted with a Coleman lamp. My water is melted snow and I am now catching the rain. A woodburning barrel stove heated the cabin and this was later replaced with a Yukon stove. I cooked on the heater stove or the Coleman stove. Unfortunately I did not have an oven, however, I managed to bake bread in two pans fitted together. I wish now that I had kept a picture series of the first few loaves of bread. For weeks my puppy used the burnt heels from one loaf for balls.

I am ashamed to admit that I still

Arlene and Windy

The Multi-Purpose Stove

Cutting fish at Huslia.

have not accomplished the art of woodsplitting. The day I arrived one of the young men was thoughtful enough to open the Mission cabin and get a fire started. The next day a group of young men sawed and split wood,—one or two hits with the ax and the wood would crack open. It appeared so easy and later I tried it. Twenty minutes passed and I was still working on the same piece of wood. At this point one of the men came along. In the next twenty minutes he split all the wood some of the children and I had taken three hours to saw. Since then the children would help me saw a log or two nearly every day. Many were the times I would return to the cabin to find the wood split and sometimes even "packed" inside the cabin. I guess I shall never learn how to split wood. Fortunately, I now have an oil burning stove which arrived on the boat for me.

Although a great deal of time is spent in the daily chores of living and many hours are spent doing the work I was sent here to do, there is still time to explore the surrounding countryside. Many hours have been spent walking on snowshoes. Now that the snow is gone, many hours are spent roaming through the woods. One of the most interesting days was spent visiting beaver traps and snares via dog team.

Last winter I accepted the challenge to live in a village and attend to the medical and spiritual needs of its people. The value that this has been to the village, I would judge as positive, but I will leave it to someone else to say how much so. For myself, I have gained a knowledge of people and living that cannot be learned from books. I am looking forward to spending the winter in this village with these people.

We welcome to the District Family Sarah Gailor Cleveland, born October 25 to the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas G. Cleveland in St. Joseph's Hospital, Fairbanks.

MOVING SUMMER

The summer of 1955 might be characterized as "Moving Summer" for the Church in Alaska. The most extensive operation and one of the most needy, was that of moving all the buildings in the mission at Pt. Hope about three-quarters of a mile from the old mission site to a location in the village itself. For some reason unknown to any present day missionaries, the original mission buildings were erected about three-quarters of a mile from the rest of the village at Pt. Hope and have remained there since the permanent buildings were erected in 1912. Certainly to the present day missionaries this has been a great handicap. It has prevented a most efficient ministry of the Gospel to the people of the area and it has actually prevented many people from attending church in the worst weather on the Arctic Coast.

With the generous help of the Pt. Hope Association and from some funds raised for the work at Pt. Hope many years ago, plans were perfected this summer by the Rev. Rowland Cox for moving the buildings. The latest reports are that the buildings have been moved and are in the process of being reconstructed on a very fine site in the village. Mr. Cox deserves a great deal of credit for his untiring efforts to get this job done and we feel sure it is going to be a tremendous asset in our ministry to the people of Pt. Hope. A great part of the work was done by the people themselves.

The second major moving task was that of moving the church and school building at St. Mark's Mission about one mile from the old mission site to the town of Nenana. With the closing of the boarding school there was a real need to have the church and school building in a more accessible area for the people of Nenana so that St. Mark's might carry on a more adequate ministry to the community. So with an appropriation provided by the National Council, the buildings were moved and at the present time a new rectory is being constructed in the town of Nenana to replace the old Bishop's Lodge which was too small and inadequate to be used in our new program. The Rev. Cameron Harriot has done a great deal of this work himself and is to be congratulated for his zeal and energy.

A third project is still somewhat stationary but we hope to have it done this fall and that is the moving of St. Stephen's Church from its present location about a mile to a spot nearer the site of the village of Fort Yukon. Following the flood in 1949, most of the Indian people at Fort Yukon moved about one mile to higher ground to avoid a repetition of the disastrous flood that occurred that year. This meant that they moved away from the church which at that time was in the center of the community. Our work at Fort Yukon has therefore been handicapped by the remoteness of the building from the people, particularly in the bitter winter weather, so under the direction of the Rev. Walter Hannum and Mr. Grafton Bergman, the maintenance man at Fort Yukon, Eagle and Fairbanks. move the building to a site quite near the new native village and we trust it will go forward without difficulty.

The Rev. Norman Elliott left for regular furlough November 4th and expects to return to Alaska about April 1. On his furlough he will attend one of the sessions of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, England. Mr. Elliott's ministry in Alaska during the past four years has been a varied one. He has been stationed at Nenana, Fort Yukon, Eagle and Fairbanks. In addition he has supplied in Anchorage and Ketchikan as well as serving as District Missioner so he is very well qualified to speak on almost any aspect of the work of the Church in an intimate personal way. Mr. Elliott has meant much to the life of the Church in the District and we will welcome him back happily at the end of his long awaited furlough.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE

Left to Right: Esther Fessenden, Penny Leisenring, Betty Marvin, Julie Brabson, Ray Harrison, Frances Chambers and the "Mariah" and the "Fezzmobile". Wedge Owen was the photographer.

This summer a group of six students from New England and a school nurse, Miss Esther Fessenden, had the unique privilege of working in the missionary field of Alaska. The whole idea started in February, 1954, when Chaplain Gordon Hutchins, a major in the United States Army, and a graduate of Williams College in the class of 1939, returned to St. John's Church, Williamstown, to speak to a dinner meeting of a group of Williams students. There were also some 20 Mount Holyoke girls at this meeting. He had just come back from Alaska where he had been stationed for three years. He spoke about the work there with such compelling force that the students wanted to know if they could not spend the summer helping in any way they could. I wrote to the Rev. Richard Lambert, who was then at Fort Yukon, and who is also a graduate of Williams in the class of 1945, and a close friend. He wrote to Bishop Gordon and plans were laid. As the group finally worked out, there was one student from Williams, "Wedge" Owen, '57, one from Dartmouth, Ray Harrison, 57, and four sophomores from Mount Holyoke, Julie Brabson, Fran Chambers, Penny Leisenring and Betty Marvin. Miss Fessenden, a devoted churchwoman and a school nurse, volunteered her services as chaperone and worker too! This group set out from Philadelphia on June 11th in two cars and arrived in Fairbanks on June 24th. They camped out and cooked their own meals on their 5000-mile journey. They began and ended each day with prayer. They wrote me letters on their trip and also from the various mission stations in which they worked within the Arctic Circle. I thought that excerpts from their letters would best tell the story of their summer in Alaska and their impressions of the country and people. None of them wanted to leave—one stayed—Betty Marvin. They said it was the most valuable experience of their lives. The expedition was financed by various parishes and dioceses (Bishop Lawrence gave $500.00), as well as by the individuals themselves.

The Rev. A. Grant Noble, Rector,
St. John's Church,
Williamstown, Mass.

(Editor's Note: Bible Schools were

held by members of the group and in conjunction with Caroline Templeton and Alma Rowe, two other summer workers, at Fork Yukon, Venetie, Circle, Tetlin, Arctic Village, Stevens Village, Beaver, Point Hope, Point Lay, Kivalina, Kotzebue, Minto and Nenana. The following account cannot begin to cover all the aspects of the fine work of these young people in these far flung villages scattered over several hundred thousand square miles. However, we hope that these brief excerpts from the thoughts and observations of these very new Alaskans may bring to our readers something of the feel of the work with the Indian and Eskimo people of Alaska and the vital heartwarming challenge of the ministry of the Gospel of Christ.)

June 17th: "We are now above Edmonton after stopping at Glacier National Park, and are learning to get used to the Northern Canadian roads. At first glance they appeared to be roads masquerading as cow paths, but after closer inspection we ascertained that they were cow paths masquerading as roads. There were holes big enough to hide bulldozers in (which they did). The only trouble was that you never knew quite when they were coming out. During the afternoon it rained intermittently which dampened the dust but soon had the Mariah and the Fezzmobile looking like dirty brown bugs. (These are the names we gave Wedge's and Fezzy's cars)."

June 18th: "Side note on mosquitoes. The Canadian mosquito is without a doubt the largest, most vicious, most bloodthirsty, most vehement, most voracious animal known to mankind. His wing spread is slightly under four feet—stinger measuring between twelve and eighteen inches, eyes fiery red to deep purple depending on mood and appetite. Singly, these insects are fully capable of depriving any mortal human of his miserable existence. Based in nearby swamps, these creatures came in waves numbering four and five thousand. Their effect on human life is appalling. 'Six-twelve' serves only as horse d'oeuvres. Best defense is anything over a .38. For information on the Alaska mosquito consult future reports.

After a long day of driving along the Alcan Highway, and meeting no one for there was nobody to meet, we set up camp, cooked our dinner, played games, had evening prayers and then to bed. After a few minutes out of the silence came Penny's voice: "Betty, do you hear strange noises out there?" Betty: "O, that's only the wind, Penny! Go to sleep!" Next morning we discovered mangled knapsacks and BEAR TRACKS."

June 21st: "We drove on to Whitehorse to meet Bishop Greenwood. The Greenwoods welcomed us with open arms and their son, Mike, took us right down to the lake where we could all swim, scrub the dust and smoke off us and relax. Then the Greenwoods invited us to dinner that was delicious but really funny because we already had forgotten what it was like to sit at a table and eat with more utensils than one huge spoon. Then we helped with the dishes, talked with Mike and played with the two younger girls, Sally and Meg. Mr. Hesketh and his wife came over to meet us and they took us to the Cathedral of Yukon Territory. It is a log church, very simply built in 1901, with only a few additions as a bell tower steeple and it is very beautiful because of its simplicity."

June 23rd: "Today we saw the first real village, Tanacross, and St. Timothy's Mission. The girls went on to Fairbanks but Ray and I (Wedge) had orders to stay here for a few days to help Bob Greene build a new rectory. Tanacross is a native village of about one hundred souls to say nothing of one hundred twenty dogs. It is quiet in its own way. The people all live at one end in very tiny houses which appear to have been built out of whatever lay at hand. The mountains stand high in the East and the sun never sets in the West, only dipping its blazing glory long enough to cast radiant reflection on the snow covered peaks. The Tanana river rolls swiftly by all, not seeming to notice that on its banks is a growing little community. The most prominent features

are two brand new buildings with a third emerging from the ground. The church seems to be central although the school house is largest.

Bob Greene is an amazing guy. Perhaps this is typical of the priests up here. He seems to be just as much at home arguing with a balky generator as he is in the pulpit. The people seem to respect him for what he is—a fully dedicated person who is fully himself."

July 2nd: "Greetings from Fort Yukon. Ray, Penny, Julie, Betty, Wedge and Fezzy are all up here now. Both boys were detained down at Tanacross under the care of Bob Greene for several days while the girls went on ahead up to Fairbanks and from there to here. The boys followed and we were all reunited last Wednesday. At that point the Rev. Norman Elliott let it be known that he planned to fly Fran off to Allakaket next morning.

Fort Yukon is a village of approximately 500 people. As they are rather prolific, there are 200 children, 150 of whom present themselves every day at 1:30 p.m. to be instructed in the Bible. They are all shapes and sizes and their ages range from 5 to 18. The sight of a distracted teacher wandering about murmuring indistinctly to himself is not an uncommon one. Somehow or other the problem of managing all of the children has many of the aspects that one might encounter if one were to attempt to govern one hundred fifty armed octopi—only worse because there are one hundred fifty wills to be considered. As difficult and confusing as the problem is, so it is wonderful. The kids are just as cute and nice as they can be. At times one wonders whether progress is being made for they are not responsive in the same way that children on the "outside" are. Their response is so much more subtle and for that, delightful. It may be merely a look or a smile but it is there.

As was mentioned, school starts at 1:30 p.m. with a service at the church, after which we all adjourn to our respective classrooms which may be just about anything from the laundry rooms of the mission to the Sacristy of the Old Mission Church.

The course we are teaching might best be described as a survey course of the Bible. The time is exceedingly short, only ten days, and so it is sometimes quite frustrating attempting to be selective."

July 11th—Venetie: "Evening prayer was conducted in the native tongue by Enoch John and then because he had asked me to, I (Fran) attempted to help us all understand the lesson. The congregation consisted of all ages, ranging from little babies, packed on their mothers' backs, to people so aged they could hardly walk to Church. The unity and responsiveness of this group was overwhelming. I couldn't help but feel that they understood what we were trying to express; a kind of communication deeper than words just came. Language isn't necessary. And it was that way with the adults too, whose cabins were always open to us and who often came to visit us. But whatever happened wasn't due to anything we taught, but because they are such a powerful group, united in love and purpose and spirit, and because we were all working so hard together. Carrie and I learned and came to understand far more than we ever taught."

July 17th—Minto: "We have a wonderful Bible School here. The children (there are forty of them) just love to come. They are a very eager and a very quick, bright, enthusiastic group. We can go into things much more deeply here because they have had training, both with Miss Bertha Mason, the missionary nurse here, a truly wonderful person, and with the Rev. Cameron Harriot who has Minto as one of his outstations from Nenana. The children love arts and crafts here and love making a flannelgraph and doing things like acting out stories and making a movie.

Here too we have Evening Prayer and we have two boys who take turns helping us lead it. They read the Lessons and the Psalms and take turns reading the prayers. They love it and the congregation often responds so

much more readily to one of their own.

And so here too we find the work not only challenging but very exciting and full, and through living in the middle of the community, being with the people all the time, we are coming to understand so much more about our Church, and a little about them; but if we could only be with them for more than these two short weeks. It is at the end of these two-week periods that we are just beginning to really be with the people."

August 7th — Arctic Village: "A small outpost of Christianity with fifty souls living together in brotherhood and love. No store, no electricity, only flat plains and high peaks, little lakes and mighty rivers. This is Arctic Village, 150 miles above the Arctic Circle and 150 miles from any other major human settlement. Caribou and whitefish make up the major portion of the people's diet. There is no hunting season here because no game warden ever gets up here to enforce it.

It was in this village that the only native deacon, Albert Tritt, lived out his long and useful life, a life of service and love. The people here continue to follow his example. One would not be stretching a point at all to state that here in the middle of Alaska lies one of the most truly Christian communities that might be found anywhere. It isn't Christian on Sundays only, but every single day of the week. Each man, woman and child is a living part of an organic love. If someone is in need, it is everybody's business. The feeling of community is almost overpowering and definitely infectious.

On July 10th Ray and I (Wedge) were flown up here in a little float plane. As we taxied up to the town, the whole village was there to meet us. It seemed that no sooner had we touched the ground than we were a part of the village.

It is sometimes supposed by people who have not had close dealings with a "primitive" people that they are in some ways dull and slow. Most emphatically this is not the case. For instance, today as I was sitting in the cabin, Gilbert, one of the very old men, came in and wanted to ask a question about the Bible. When I had explained to the best of my ability he said: "Good, that what Albert Tritt said too." It was his way of testing me to see if I was fit for the job.

The spiritual needs of these people are as deep and difficult as anyone might encounter. Last spring, Albert Tritt, the native deacon and leader of the people, died. Since 1914 he had been laboring to bring the Christian ideal of brotherhood, cooperation and love to this Arctic community. In those forty-one years he has transformed an uncooperative people. But now after his death, they find themselves without a leader. One is immediately struck by the similarity of this village situation and the situation of the disciples following the death of Christ. Albert's last words to his people were to "go and spread the Christian Gospel throughout Alaska." And now these people are wrestling with these ideals.

Several nights ago the chief Ambrose, the second chief, Esias, and Nena came to our cabin after Bible class. Together we sat long into the morning hours talking about what might be done. Five of the men of the village would like to become lay-readers and everywhere there is true missionary zeal. Here is a missionary bomb and set off in the right way, the results would most certainly be far reaching. As our conversation went on, Ray and I found ourselves saying "we" instead of you and more and more we felt a common unity with these people. When we had finished talking, the five of us walked over to the church. In silence we sat for a few moments and then suddenly Esias started praying in native and then I prayed in English. Neither of us could understand but what did it matter for we weren't talking to each other."

August 20th: "It was a shock to find ourselves "outside" as we were so abruptly when we rolled off the Alaska Highway into Dawson Creek. It

was so much harder to readjust to the complexity and society of life here than it ever was to be drawn into the spirit and life and spontaneity of Alaska where there aren't artificial society codes as yet, where people are people in such a fundamental sense of the word, where in some places like Venetie and Arctic Village they are so close to nature, so overwhelmingly unified and close in the truest sense of Christian love. It was hard to leave these villages but it was just as hard to leave the villages where there is an even greater challenge for the Church, where so much time and patience and people are needed to work with, and help, the people to understand the new and confusing things that the white man has brought into their communities. It is with a realization of all that is so wonderful and potential in Alaska, plus a realization of all that must be done up there soon, that we speak about Alaska here in our colleges. It is our deep hope that we may come once again and that people will continue to respond so wholeheartedly to the idea of working up there and that some of them may come to stay."

Miss Betty Marvin, a student at Mount Holyoke College, is serving as volunteer religious education worker at St. Stephen's Mission, Fort Yukon, for the coming year. Miss Marvin came to Alaska with the summer group from Western Massachusetts and was so attracted by the work that she volunteered to remain for a year to assist in the work of the Church in the Yukon river area. We are delighted to have her as a temporary member of our staff and pray that God may richly use her in His ministry in Alaska.

Mrs. Cameron Harriot and three daughters left for California in mid-August on regular furlough. The Rev. Cameron Harriot will join his family about January 1. It is expected that the whole family will return to Alaska in the spring.

Why not give the Alaskan Churchman as a Christmas gift this year? We will gladly send attractive gift cards to any names you send us accompanied by one dollar for each one.

The first services were held in the new St. Mary's Church in Anchorage late in September. Finishing touches are still being added to the 30x60 ft. basement building but it is providing a very adequate home for the new congregation and for Sunday School. Great things are expected from this new work. The Church is located on a lovely hillside. We trust that in the not too distant future the finished church may be added to the basement structure to complete the facilities for the new mission. The Rev. Philip Jerauld, assistant at All Saints' parish, has the general oversight of St. Mary's. He has worked hard, both physically and spiritually in making the new mission a reality.

Captain George Glander of the Church Army, who served this past year as assistant maintenance man at the hospital in Fort Yukon, is now in residence at St. Matthew's Mission in Beaver. He has the general oversight of the work in Beaver and Stevens Village under the direction of the Rev. Walter Hannum of Fort Yukon. This is the first time in the history of the Church in Alaska that we have had a resident missionary in Beaver. It marks a real advance forward in our ministry to the people of the Yukon river.

The last week end of October will be a momentous one for St. Philip's Church, Wrangell. At that time the congregation will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary of the first service of the Church in Wrangell. At the same time they will be host to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Southeastern Convocation at its annual meeting. The people of St. Philip's have worked diligently to prepare for this great occasion and there will be further reports from it in the February issue of the Churchman.

PARISHES

Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
		The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert
	District Missioner	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott (On Furlough)
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins

MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the-Wilderness	The Rev. Richard S. Miller
Anchorage	St. Mary's	Asst. All Saints'
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Beaver	St. Matthew's	Capt. George S. Glander
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez
		Mr. Page H. Kent
Eagle	St. John's and St. Paul's	Missioner
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum
		Mr. Ned Thomas
		Mr. Isaac Tritt
		Miss Betty Marvin
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital	Dr. S. Donald Palmer
		Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N.
		Miss Irene Burnham, R.N.
		Miss Susan C. Lewis, R.N.
		Miss Stella U. Burton
		Mr. Grafton Bergman
Huslia	Good Shepherd	Miss Arlene B. Chatterton, R.N.
Holikachuk	St. Paul's	The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland
Ketchikan	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Kotzebue	St. George's-in-the-Arctic	The Rev. Alwin Reiners, Jr.
Minto	St. Barnabas'	m. Nenana
		Miss Bertha E. Mason, R.N.
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt .Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox
		Mr. Donald Oktollik
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Shageluk	St. Luke's	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R. N.
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Chalkyitsik	Rampart	Seldovia
Arctic Village	Dot Lake	Pt. Lay	Skagway
Big Delta	Homer	Mt. Edgecumbe	Stevens Village
Bettles	Hot Springs	Noatak	Tetlin
Circle	Hughes	Nome	Venetie
Coschaket	Kenai	Palmer	Wrangell Institute

THE SEAL OF THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF ALASKA
1895